

The History of

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keep Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliuē, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

Prince What standst thou idle heere? lend mee thy Sword, Many a Noble man lies starke and stiffe, Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are yet vnreung'd, I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: *Turke Gregorie* neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him sure.

Prince. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee; I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliuē, thou getst not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prince Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

Fal. I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prince What, is it a time to iest and dally now?

He throwes the Bottell at him. Exit.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliuē, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbo-nado of me. I like not such grinning honour as *sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; *Lord Iohn of Lancaster*, goe you with him.

P. Iohn Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiestie make vp, Lest your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ki. I will do so; my L. of *Westmerland*, leade him to his Tent.

West. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prince Leade me my Lord, I doe not need your helpe; And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

Henry the Fourth.

The prince of *Wales* from such a field as this, Where staine Nobilitie lies troden on, And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

Iohn We breathe too long, come coosen *Westmerland*, Our duty this way lies: For Gods sake come.

Prin. By God, thou hast deceiu'd me *Lancaster*, I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit; Before I lou'd thee as a brother *Iohn*, But now I doe respect thee as my soule.

King I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt, With lustier maintenance then I did looke for Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

Prin. O, this Boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Dowg. Another King, they grow like Hydras heads, I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all those That weare those colours on them. What art thou That counterfeist the person of a King?

Ki. The King himselte, who *Dowglas* grieues at heart, So many of his shadowes thou hast met, And not the very King: I haue two Boyes. Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the Field; But seeing thou fallst on me so luckily, I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

Dowg. I feare thou art another Counterfeit: And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King: But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be; And thus I winne thee,

They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.

Prince. Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like Neuer to hold it vp againe; the spirits Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes, It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee, Who neuer promisseth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flieth.
Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Ganssey hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* strait.

King. Stay, and breathe a while.

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Thou